

NOV-DEC 1996

#13

\$3.95

\$5.50

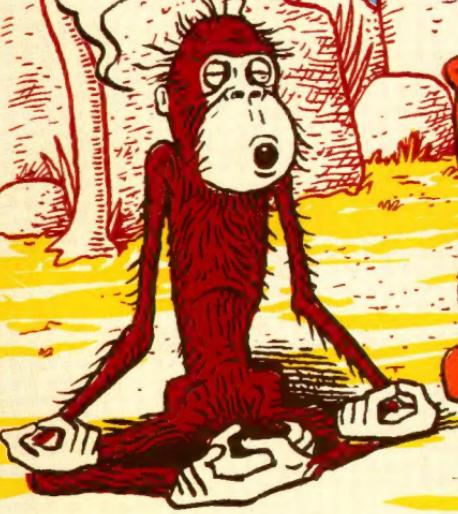
CANADA

ZERO ZERO

OOOHMMMM

OH..

HMM



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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HI, REMEMBER
ME FROM
"TASTY GAS"?

...OF EVER
BEING IN "WHAT
IS FANCY"

...WELL AS MORE TIME
GOES BY, I HAVE EVEN
LESS CHANCE...

...BUT YOU KNOW WHAT
BOthers ME THE
MOST?

FILBERTS?

THE FACT
THAT MY
OINTMENT TWIN
GOT TO BE IN IT
BEFORE ME

NO!

THEN
WHAT?

SORRY,
NO
AUTOPHGRHS

I HAVE
HEARD YOU,
MAKE
YOUR WISH

MIXED N

I WANT
TO BE IN
"WHAT IS
FANCY"

OKAY-GRANTED

REALLY?

WELL...
THIS IS "WHAT
IS FANCY"

I AM THE MAN WHO WILL... DESTROY YOUR WORLD!

Yes, indeed, the world as you know it will *never be the same* once you peruse the pages of this, the world's foremost Eisner-Award losing magazine of narrative graphic artistry, beginning with veteran undergrounder (he inhaled!) SKIP WILLIAMSON'S "SUDDENLY THINGS TURNED UGLY" (PAGE 2): It's a wacky slab of comedy, a deep-dish philosophical treatise, and a history lesson all in one!

Can you dig it?

What's that? You want *more* philosophy, Jean-Claude? Why, we've got it by the *barrelful* this issue, as you'll see when you lap up the latest installment of TED STEARN'S "FUZZ AND PLUCK" (PAGE 7). Small wonder we flipped our wigs over this one and asked the esteemed Mr. Stearn to bless us with a cover. And those parts where the color goes outside the line? They're meant to be that way, smarty-pants! It's *artistic* for rice cakes!

Didja notice how many *animals* there are in this issue? Chickens, bears, monkeys, whatever the heck those things Dave Cooper draws are, and now *pigs*! The porcine protagonists of DAVE COLLIER'S "COCKTAIL HOUR" (PAGE 32) are of course cannily created to symbolize the daily struggles of humans like you and me, thereby making our passage through this troubled realm more rewarding. Way to go, Dave!

Aside from the aforementioned animalism, this issue boasts a secondary underlying theme: *severed body parts*, as showcased not only in DAVE COOPER'S "CRUMBLE" (PAGE 44), but also SAM HENDERSON'S "SEIZED ASSETS" (PAGE 39) and the latest installment of MACK WHITE'S "HOMUNCULUS" (PAGE 26). As Mr. Henderson will tell you, a severed body part is *always* funny, and our aim here at Zero Zero is to make you laugh 'til you hurl chunks! (as da kids say nowadays)

Oops! I'm plain out of room here, so I won't be able to jawbone about the meritorious morbidity of MAX ANDERSSON'S "NOISE BUSTERS PART 2" (PAGE 31), the rambunctious rewards of RICHARD SALA'S "THE CHUCKLING WHATSIT," (PAGE 32), the dizzying dadaism of DOUG ALLEN'S "IDIOTLAND" (FACING PAGE), or the jesting jocularity of JIM BLANCHARD'S "TOY ROBOT INVASION" BACK COVER! Zeroes all, nonetheless!

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Marketing: Chris Jacobs
Advertising Liaison:
Rhea Patton – Please call
206-524-1967 for ad rates.
Circulation: Brad Angell,
Matt Counts, Kitty Ireland (we
miss you already), and
Tom Malone

AUGUST 1944

TIMELINE

NOVEMBER 1963

WE WERE THE
PROGENY OF
CONQUERING
WARRIOR'S.

THOSE WERE THE
DAYS BEFORE RITALIN.



IF THESE KIDS DON'T
SHUT-UP I'M GONNA
SHIP 'EM OFF TO
MILITARY SCHOOL!



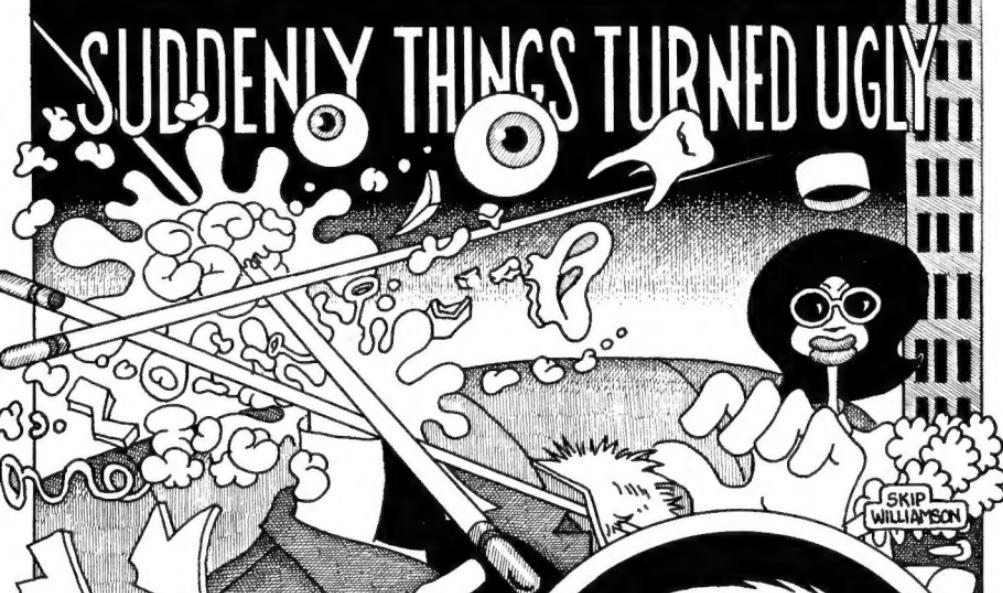
THERE WERE CLUES AS
TO MALFEASANCE.

YET WE
REMAINED
DISTRACTED.



THEN ONE AFTER-
NOON IN DALLAS...

SUDDENLY THINGS TURNED UGLY



OF COURSE THINGS WERE
ALWAYS UGLY!

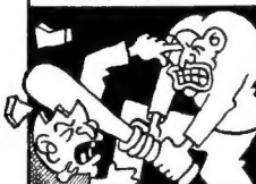
BUT IT DIDN'T REALLY DAWN
ON US UNTIL IT BECAME CLEAR
THAT OUR PARENTS' GENER-
RATION WAS AN ALLIANCE
OF PSYCHOTIC SHEEP
HAPPY TO SACRIFICE ITS
CHILDREN TO THE MERCI-
LESS AND HOLLOW MEAT-
GRINDER OF POLITICAL
ADVENTURE IN SOUTH-
EAST ASIA.

BUT IN
TRUTH...

...WE ARE
ALL BABY
EATERS!

WE
CARRY
THE
GENE.

IN OUR NATURAL STATE WE ARE A WILD-EYED MOB BENT ON SENSELESS CARNAGE AND THIEVERY.



DURING PRIMAL TIMES THE MORE HORMONALLY DISPOSED MUSCLED INTO POSITIONS OF POWER AND AUGURAL DOMINION.



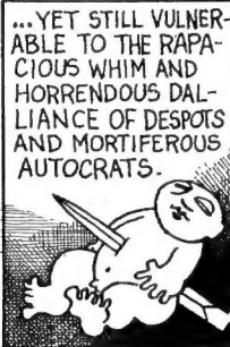
THE MINIONS WERE RELEGATED TO SERFDOM.



IN TURN, THEY WERE SOMEWHAT PROTECTED FROM ONE ANOTHER...



...YET STILL VULNERABLE TO THE RAPACIOUS WHIM AND HORRENDOUS DALLIANCE OF DESPOTS AND MORTIFEROUS AUTOCRATS.



THIS HAS CONTINUED UNABATED THROUGH MILLINEUM AND CHILIAD.



WE ARE A CYNICAL, CUT-THROAT MOB OF PLEBEIAN MONSTERS KEPT IN CHECK...



...AND EXPLOITED BY GRUESSOME RAJAHS, PASHAS, POPES, TYCOONS AND CONGRESSMEN.



THEN

INSOLENT VASSAL!

I WILL CUT OUT YOUR STILL-BEATING HEART AND DEVOUR IT BEFORE YOUR DYING EYES!



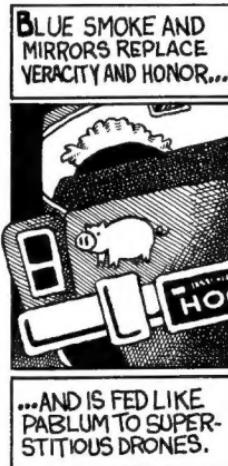
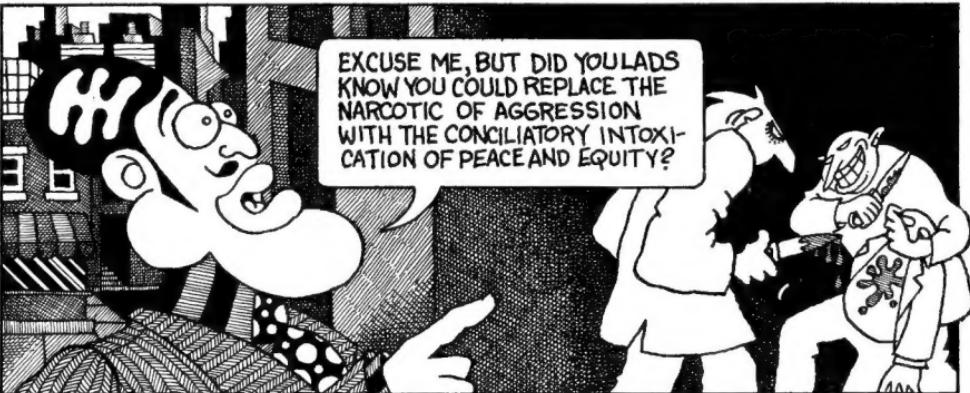
NOW

INSOLENT BOHEMIAN!

I WILL CUT OFF YOUR ARTS FUNDING!



OCCASIONALLY A DOOMED SAMARITAN, BRIMMING WITH CHARITY AND REASON, WANDERS INTO THE PATH OF FIRE AND ONTO THE KILLING FLOOR.



AS A FREE-SPRITED YOUTH, MOTHER NATURE MUST HAVE MADE SOME UNFORTUNATE CHOICES.

THE BIRTH OF CIVILIZATION WAS NOT WITHOUT COMPLICATIONS.

NATURAL SELECTION MOVED APACE AS THE MOST LETHAL OF THE HIGHER PRIMATES CONSPIRED TO SECURE DOMINION.



WE GOTTA GET SOME CONTROL HERE!

MAYBE WE SHOULD INVENT SOME GODS FOR THEM TO FEAR...

RUMORS OF MONSTROSITIES, STILL-BORN AND BRAIN-DEAD WITH CONGENITAL BIRTH DEFECTS, SWEEPED THE PRIMAL PLAIN.

...AND TELL THEM THAT THEY ARE CREATED IN THE IMAGE OF THEIR GODS!

YOU MEAN DERANGED AND RELENTLESSLY UNPREDICTABLE?

THEN WE CAN PRINT UP WORTHLESS PAPER COUPONS...

...AND CONVINCE THE RABBLE THAT THESE WORTHLESS COUPONS HAVE VALUE WHILE WE HORDE GOLD.

WE WILL PROVIDE TRANSCENDENTAL SUPERSTITION FOR MASS CONSUMPTION...

...THEREBY DIVERTING THE COMMON HERD SO THAT WE CAN PLUNDER AND LOOT THE WORLD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

WE WILL TRADE THE WORTHLESS COUPONS FOR THEIR DAUGHTERS AND DURABLE GOODS

...AND SEND THEIR SONS TO BATTLE AND CERTAIN SLAUGHTER FOR OUR CASUAL FUN.

IF ONLY WE COULD HAVE AN HYPNOTIC EYE IN EVERY DWELLING.

WE COULD MESMERIZE THE PLEBEIAN HORDE BY PROVIDING THEM A FRIVOLOUS POPULAR CULTURE AND THE MINDLESS VIOLENCE THEY FIND SO ENTERTAINING.



NO TIME FOR PIPE-DREAMS. WE HAVE A PLANET TO RAVAGE!

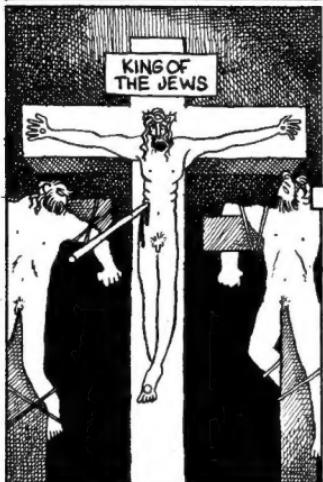
...BUT FIRST WE GOTTA GET INTO OUR OUTFITS!



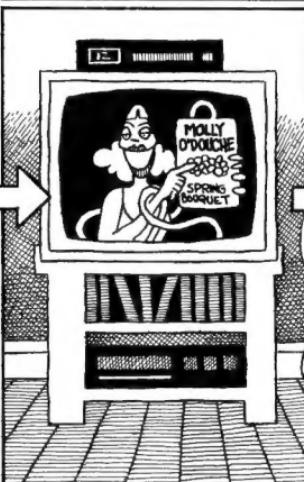
THE ANTEDILUVIAN POWER-BROKERS GET THEIR ACT TOGETHER.

HISTORY IS A CLOAKED AGENDA AND, IN THESE MODERN TIMES, WE DO HAVE AN HYPNOTIC EYE IN EVERY DWELLING.

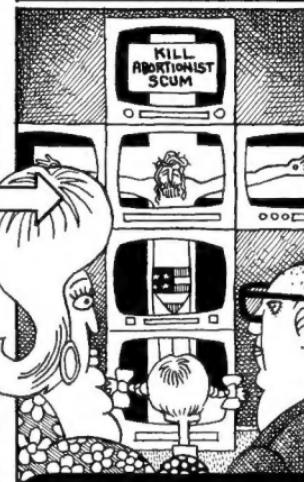
THEISIS



ANTITHESIS



SYNTHESIS



OF COURSE, EVERYONE BLAMES THE MEDIA.

LIFE'S A MESS, DEAR.

LET'S BLAME THE MEDIA!

MY TAXES ARE TOO HIGH!

IT'S TH' MEDIA'S FAULT!

THESE DRIVE-BY SHOOTINGS MUST STOP!

TH' MEDIA DID IT!

SOME PINE FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS...

POLICE AND GANGSTERS

THE AVERAGE JOE

AND WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE?! ...AFTER ANTI-BIOTIC RESISTANT VIRUSES RAVAGE THE POPULATION, ALL HUMAN DNA WILL BE ENCODED ONTO MICRO-CHIPS AND,...

...BUT REALLY, THE OLD DAYS WERE 'ONLY GOOD IF YOU WERE A KENNEDY OR A CAPONE.

UNENCUMBERED BY OUR INCOMMODIOUS CARCASSES, WE WILL FLOAT INERT IN CYBERSPACE...

WHERE WE'LL REALLY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO FUCK THINGS UP!

SO IS THERE ANYTHING YOU-- THE COMIC BOOK READER-- CAN DO?

FORGET IT!

IF YOU GRABBED THE BULL BY THE HORNS, MAYBE YOU COULD WRESTLE HUMANITY'S ABOMINATIONS INTO SUBMISSION.

FAT CHANCE!

BUT MAYBE THERE'S ONE THING YOU COULD DO.

IT COULD BE THE FIRST STEP IN THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND.

DON'T BUY SHIT!

DO YOU HAVE THE CROSSOVER ISSUE OF BARBIE VS. SPAWN?

THE ONE WITH TH' FOIL EM-BOSSED COVER.

THE END IS NEAR

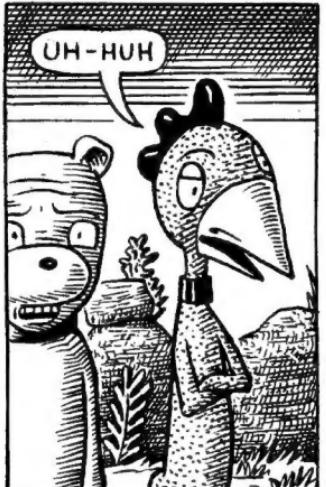
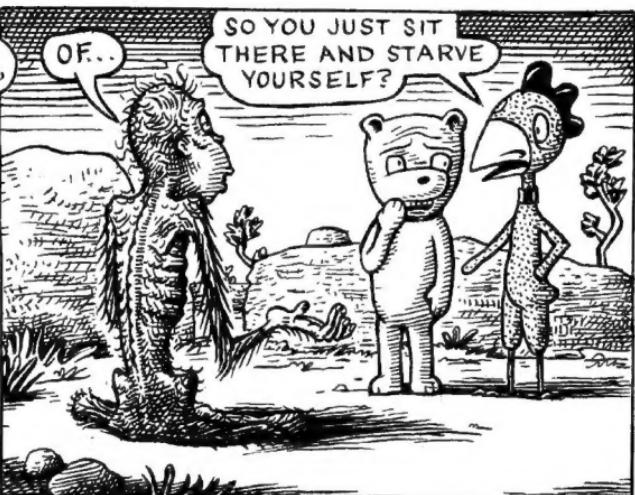
FUZZ & PLUCK

THEIR "MASTER" AT OLDE SUNKENE PONDE ESTATES — YET AS LONG AS OUR HEROES ARE BURDENED WITH THEIR KRYPTONITE COLLARS, THEY RISK BEING RECOGNIZED AS CONVICT SLAVES....WE JOIN THEM AS THEIR MEAGER FEAST OF GLOP-TARTS AND TURNIPS IS INTERRUPTED BY A VERY GAUNT APE SITTING NEARBY....



BY DENYING ONESELF
THE SENSUAL PLEASURE
OF EATING, FOR EXAMPLE,
ONE CAN
ACHIEVE
A PURITY
OF...UH...

SO YOU JUST SIT
THERE AND STARVE
YOURSELF?



WHAT'S WITH THAT GUY?

I DUNNO

WAIT A MINUTE

WHAT IF WE STARVED
OURSELVES LIKE HIM?
THEN WE WILL BE SKINNY
ENOUGH TO JUST SNAKE
OUT OF THESE COLLARS!

WE SHOULD STAY WITH HIM,
THOUGH - HE COULD GIVE
US SOME GREAT POINTERS
ON STARVING

H-HOW LONG WILL IT
TAKE? OH, A COUPLE OF
DAYS, NO LONGER, I
AM SURE

OH NO NO
I CAN'T
I CAN'T

I CAN'T

FINE!

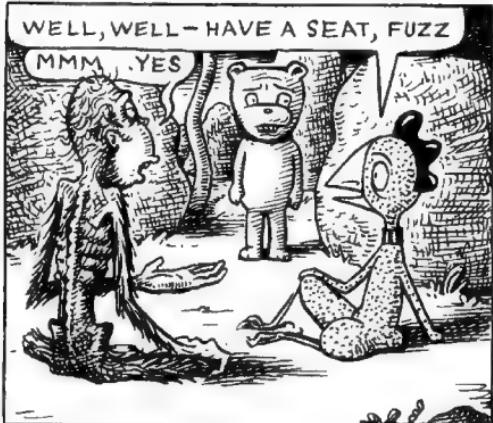
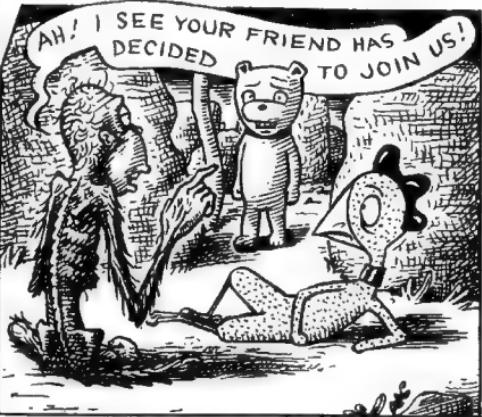
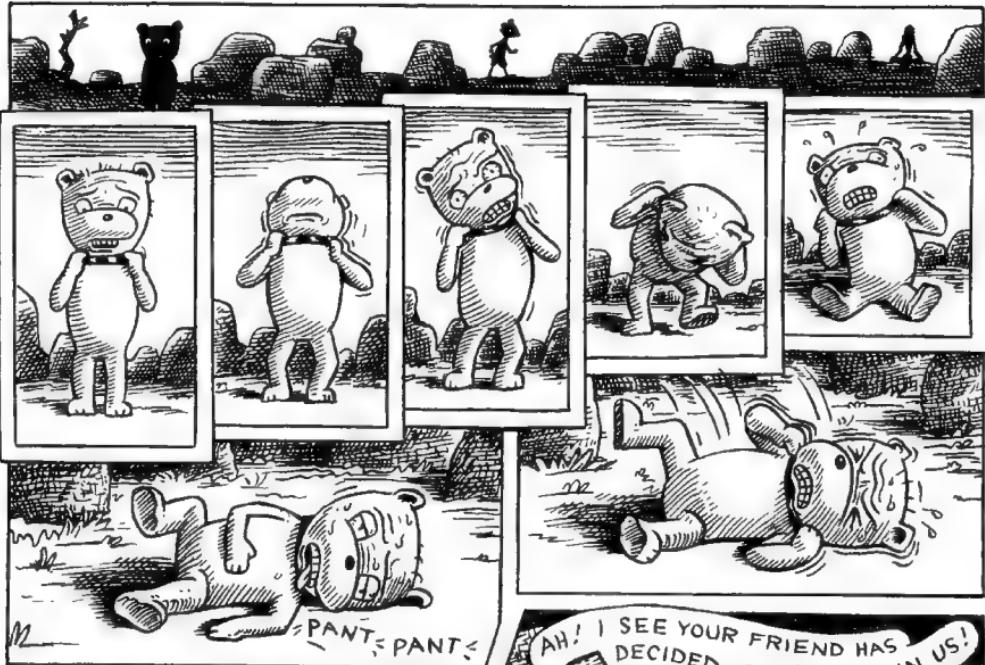
I'M SICK OF YOU!
"I CAN'T, I CAN'T"

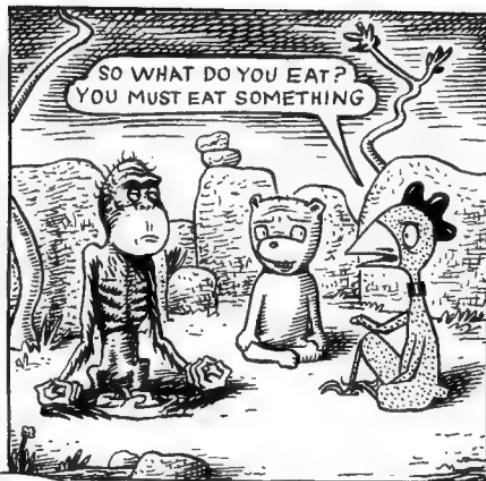
THEN FIGURE IT OUT
FOR YOURSELF!

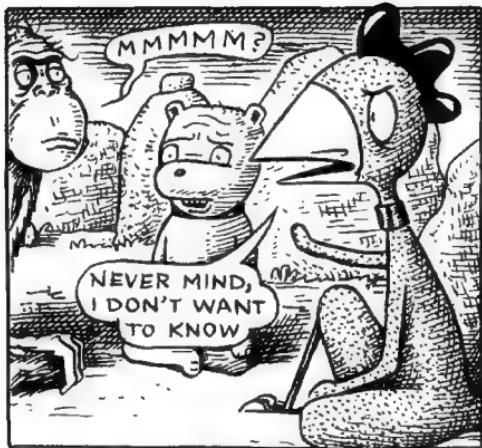
STOMP

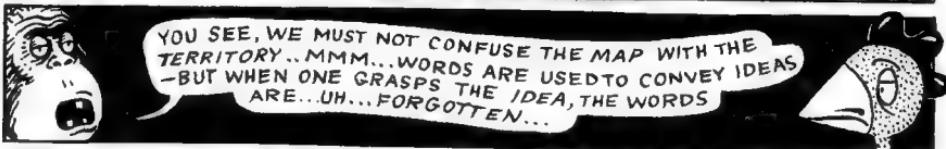
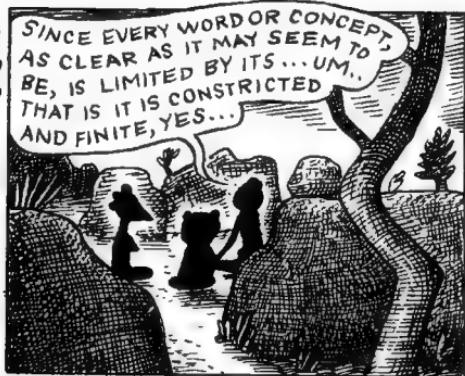
STOMP

-MC









2 Days Hence...

THEORY, RATIONAL MECHANISTIC CONCEPTS LOSE THEIR VALIDITY BEYOND THE DIMENSIONS OF EVERYDAY...

BUT YOU ARE TRYING TO MAKE YOUR POINT WITH LOGIC, DON'T YOU SEE?

WELL (AHEM) AS I WAS SAYING, UM...

YOU POMPOUS APE! JUST BECAUSE YOU SIT ON YOUR ASS ALL DAY AND EAT BUGS DOESN'T MEAN YOU KNOW ANY MORE THAN WE DO! RIGHT, FUZZ?

HUH?



OH COME ON!
YOUR BODY
IS JUST
THERE
AND
THAT'S IT!

YES, YOU ARE RIGHT... AS I WAS SAYING, HE WHO KNOWS DOES NOT SPEAK... HE WHO SPEAKS DOES NOT... DOES NOT... UM...

OH HOW
DOES THAT
GO?

WELL, PERHAPS
IN YOUR CASE

OH
ENOUGH
ALREADY

BEBOO

PLUCK?



DO YOU THINK WE ARE SKINNY ENOUGH YET?

DO YOU THINK WE ARE SKINNY ENOUGH YET?

IT IS TAKING LONGER THAN I THOUGHT

OH

BUT

I AM

THIRSTY



WELL, THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT

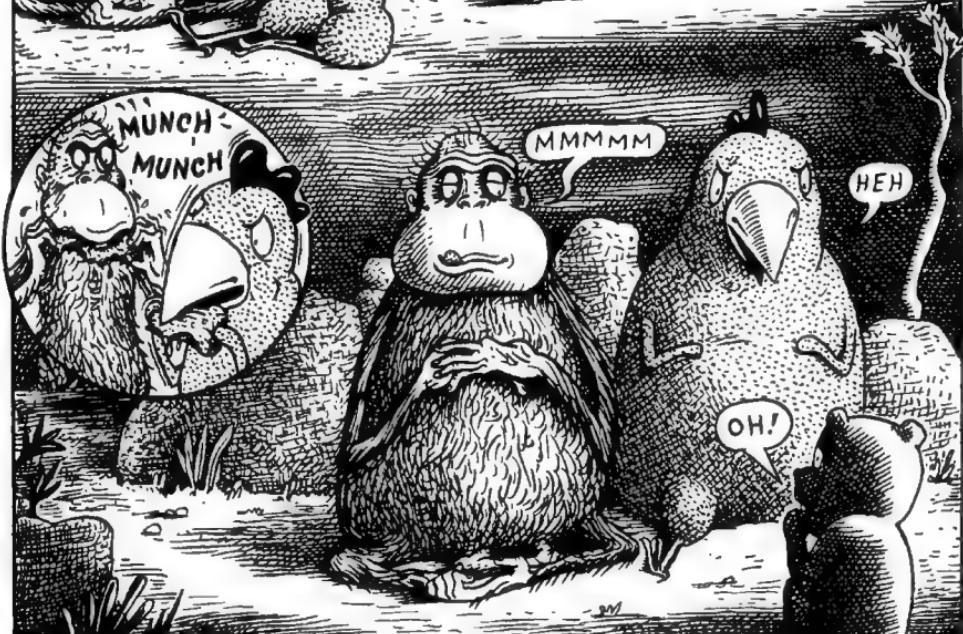
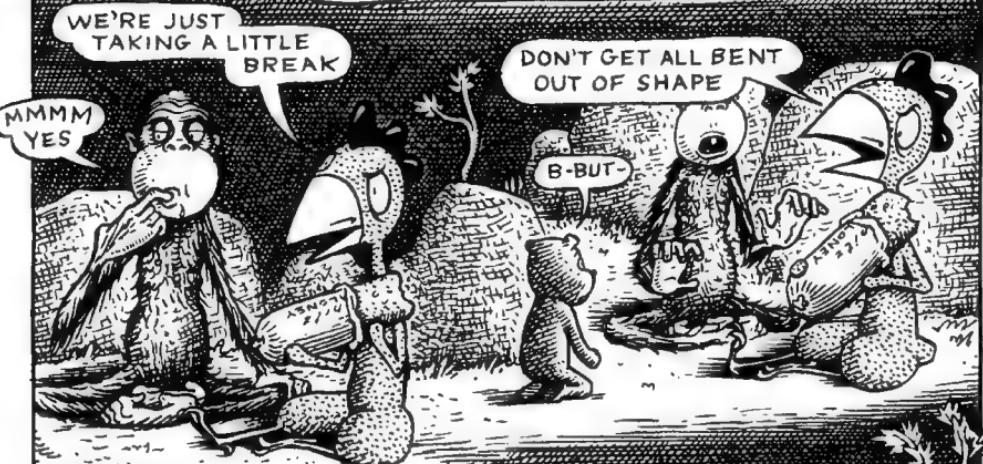
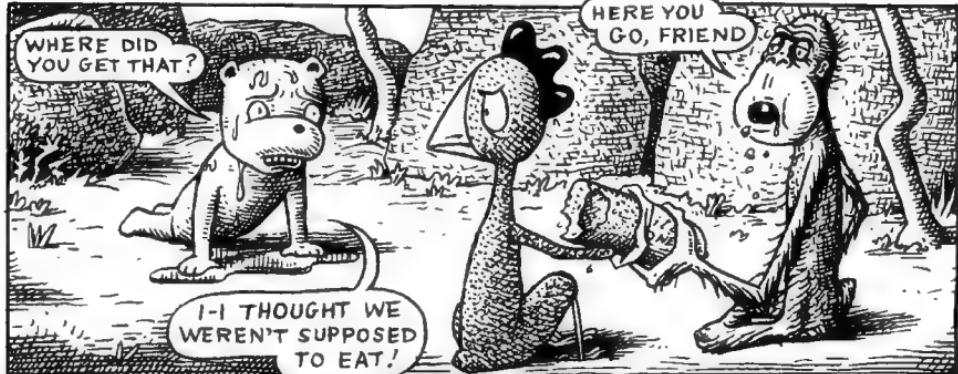
NOTHING?

MMMMMMMM

HEY!

"HEY" WHAT?

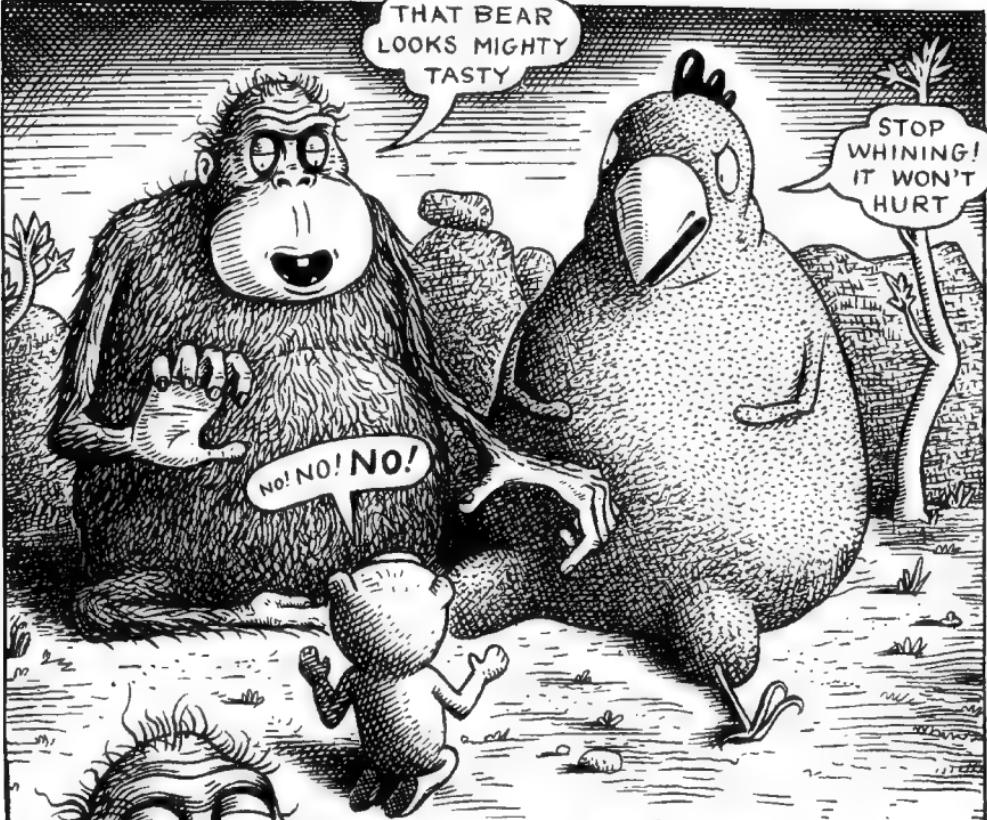
ALDREY

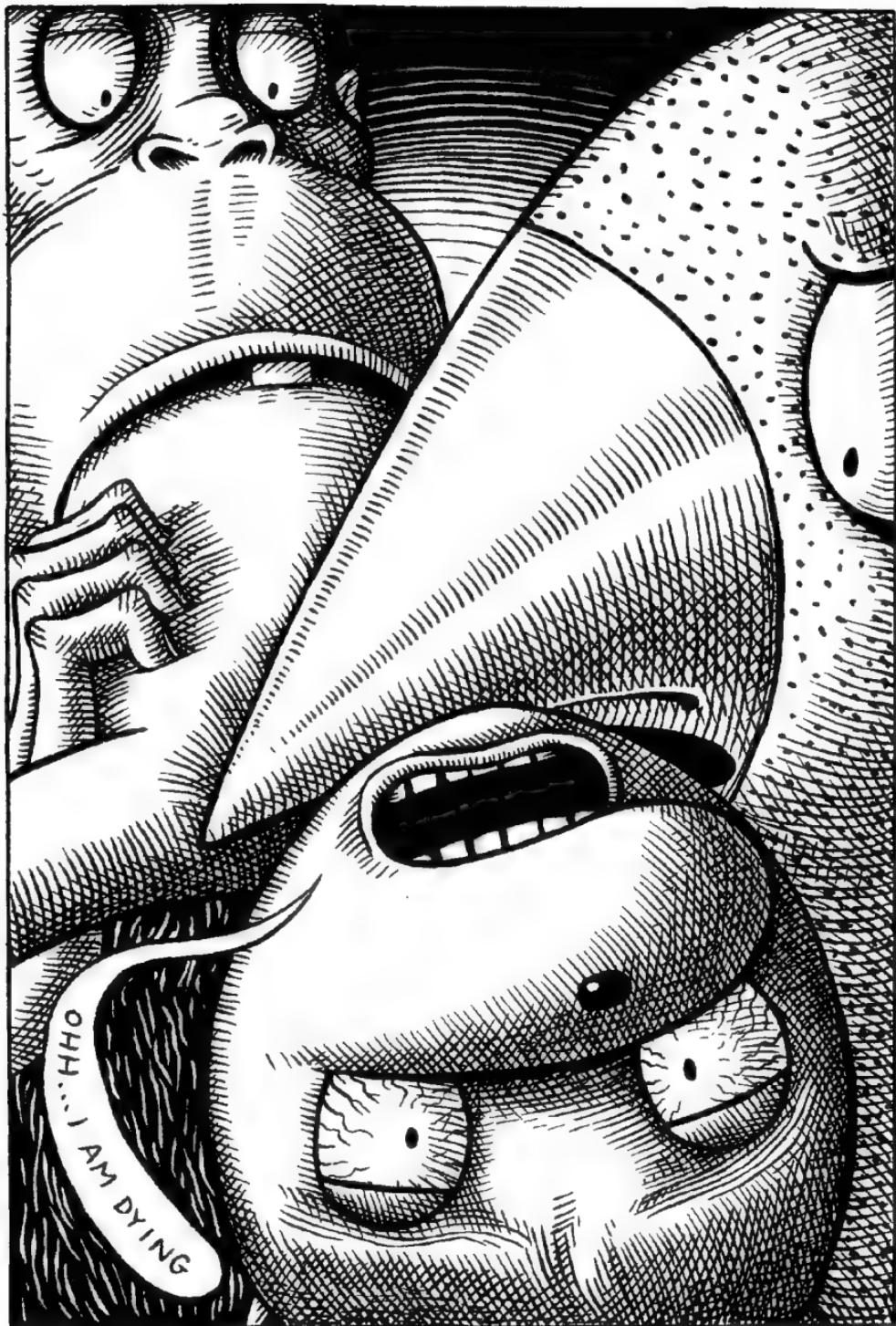


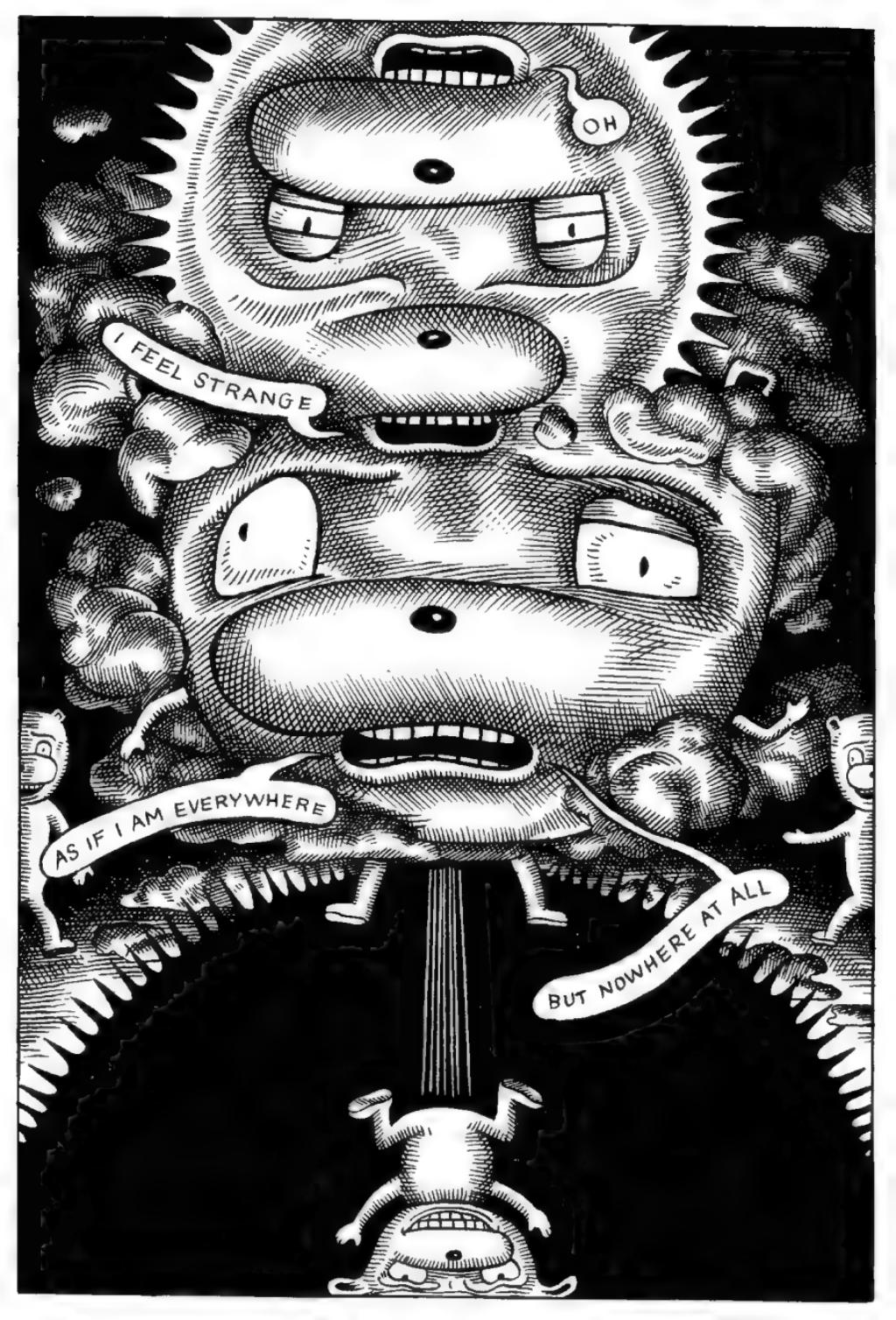
THAT BEAR
LOOKS MIGHTY
TASTY

STOP
WHINING!
IT WON'T
HURT

No! NO! NO!





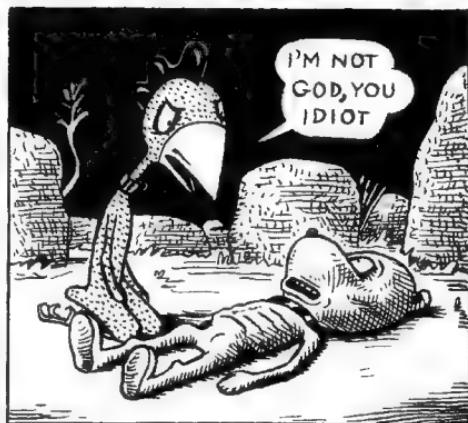
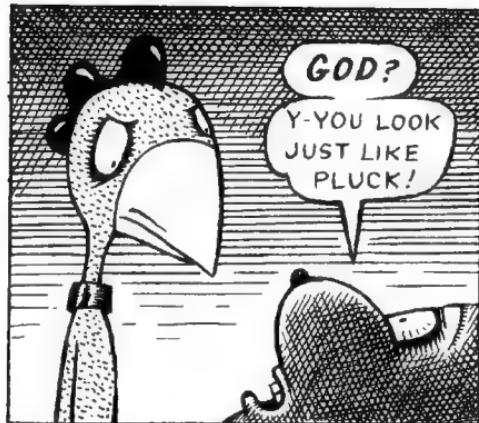


OH

I FEEL STRANGE

AS IF I AM EVERYWHERE

BUT NOWHERE AT ALL



TO BE CONTINUED...

COCK-TAIL HOUR

PEROY IS OUT WALKING
ALONG DETROIT'S
GRATIOT AVENUE!



MAYBE THERE
IS LIFE ON MARS
AFTER ALL!



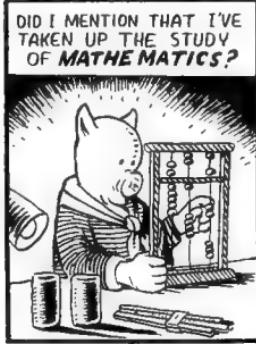
YOU GOT AN
EXTRA SMOKE?

NO, I QUIT
SIX YEARS
AGO!

ALSO, WITH THE SUPPORT OF MY
GOOD FRIEND MERLE, I'M **POWER**
WALKING TWO MILES EVERY DAY!



DID I MENTION THAT I'VE
TAKEN UP THE STUDY
OF **MATHEMATICS**?



WELL, YOU'RE A SMART GUY, I'M
A SMART GUY, SO YOU GOTTA
WONDER WHY WE'RE OUT
HERE ON THE STREET! I'M AN

I'M AN
X-MARINE!

THING IS, I'M **NOT** LIVING
ON THE STREET...IT GOES
ALOT EASIER WHEN YOU'VE
GOT SOMEONE TO STAY WITH!



MY GRANDMOTHER'S
NEIGHBOURHOOD SURE
HAS **CHANGED**-THEY
NEVER USED TO ALLOW
FAMILIES WITH **KIDS** TO
RENT HERE...

..AND BLACK CATS! I CAN
REMEMBER HEARING
TWO BLACK CATS ON
THE BUS; ONE SAID TO
THE OTHER, "DON'T
EVEN **THINK** 'BOUT
LIVING HERE - THEY
WON'T **LET**
YOU!"



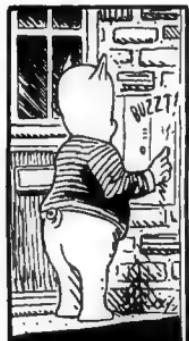
WHERE
DID
YOU
GO?

JUST DOWN GRATIOT
SOME AND ALONG
SEVEN MILE...

UH-HUH, AND ONE
OF THESE DAYS
YOU'LL FIND
YOURSELF GETTING
**KILLED! IT'S
DANGEROUS
AROUND HERE!**

FOR TWENTY YEARS NOW I'VE
BEEN WANDERING ALL OVER
THIS TOWN WITHOUT BEING
HASSED!

WHICH IS NOT TO
SAY I'VE NEVER
BEEN **AFFRAID!**



SURE, IN A LOT OF SITUATIONS OUT THERE IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONLY PINK ONE ON **EARTH** BUT THE ONLY TROUBLE I'VE EVER SEEN IN THIS TOWN WAS THE KIND INSTIGATED BY A DRUNK **PIG!**



THE GUY WAS OBVIOUSLY SUICIDAL... I COULD SEE THE CAT IN THE SEAT IN FRONT OF ME SEARCHING HIS POCKETS—MAYBE FOR A **KNIFE** TO KILL HIM WITH!



BUT ALL THAT HAPPENED WAS THE DRIVER THREW THE GUY OFF THE BUS—RIGHT IN THE HARDEST PART OF DETROIT!



WHICH IN OF ITSELF IS NOT SUCH A BAD THING! **OOZING** FROM THOSE CRACKED STREETS—ALL THE WAY FROM FORD'S RIVER ROUGE PLANT TO CHYSLER'S JEFFERSON PROPERTY IS **POETRY!**



HAVING SAID THAT, HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY MORE THOUGHT TO **MOVING?** YOUR BROTHER'S IN FLORIDA NOW, AND MOM IN TORONTO WOULD BE—



IT'S TRUE THAT MOST OF MY FRIENDS HAVE LEFT, BUT I HAVE A **COUPLE** OF FRIENDS WHO STILL LIVE HERE!



AND WHEN YOU'RE OLDER IT'S NOT SO EASY TO GO INTO A NEW PLACE AND MAKE FRIENDS; EVERYBODY'S SO SET IN THEIR WAYS... AND I DON'T WANT TO BECOME DEPENDENT ON FAMILY—NO, IT'S BETTER TO HAVE **FRIENDS** WHO HELP ONE ANOTHER!



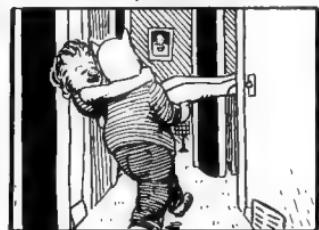
SHE NEVER MENTIONED TH' **MEMORIES** TIED UP HERE... JEEZ—SHE'S RENTED THIS PLACE FOR **THIRTY YEARS!**



SHE WAS A WAR BRIDE, ONE OF THOUSANDS WHO FOLLOWED THEIR HUSBANDS BACK TO NORTH AMERICA.



BUT WITHIN A DECADE SHE WAS WIDOWED, YEARS OF LONELINESS IN A STRANGE CULTURE FOLLOWED UNTIL ONE DAY WHILE BOATING ON THE DETROIT RIVER, **ANOTHER** EX-GI, A DASHING AMERICAN WHO WORKED FOR DETROIT EDISON, ENTERED HER LIFE.



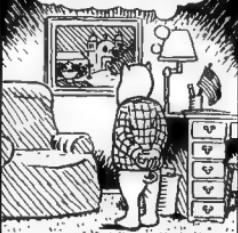
SO THEY MOVED IN HERE IN THE MID-SIXTIES, AND I SWEAR THIS APARTMENT HASN'T CHANGED SINCE!



MY GRANDMOTHER FOUND HERSELF WIDOWED AGAIN ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND SINCE THEN THE APARTMENT HAS ASSUMED AN AIR OF QUIET REVERENCE. THE TOBY MUGS ABOVE THE LIQUOR CABINET, LIKE MOST THINGS HERE, HAVE REMAINED AS THEY WERE WHEN **HE** WAS THERE...



IT MAKES A GOOD SETTING FOR ALL THIS SELF-TAUGHT OIL PAINTING DONE LATE IN LIFE BY MY GRANDMOTHER'S MOTHER!



AH, GREAT-GRANDMOTHER GOT SWEEPED UP IN THE SEMI-RETRO CLOWN CRAZE OF 1930-1970 LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I SEE!



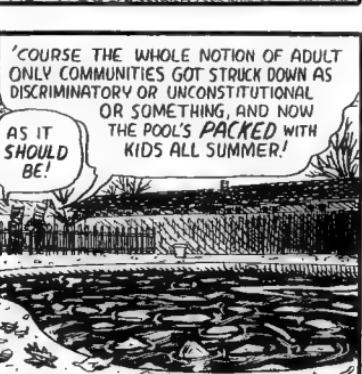
WHATCHA DOING HMM? WANNA GO OUT FOR A WALK?



OH MAN, I JUST WENT FOR A WALK! IT'S NO WONDER I NEVER GET ANYTHING DONE!



STILL, YOU GOTTA MAKE IT A HABIT OF DOING WHAT THE OTHER PERSON WANTS SOMETIMES, IF YOU WANT TO MAKE THE RELATIONSHIP THING GO-- "A WOMAN WANTS TO BE LEFT ALONE IN THE MORNING; TAKEN OUT IN THE AFTERNOON AND CARESSED AT NIGHT!"



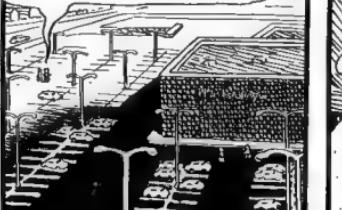
IT WAS WEIRD. WE WERE THE ONLY KIDS, AND WE'D BE LAUGHING, SCREAMING AND CAUSIN' CONSTERNATION AMONGST THE OLDER, GRUMPIER RESIDENTS!



'COURSE THE WHOLE NOTION OF ADULT ONLY COMMUNITIES GOT STRUCK DOWN AS DISCRIMINATORY OR UNCONSTITUTIONAL OR SOMETHING, AND NOW THE POOL'S PACKED WITH KIDS ALL SUMMER!



WHEN HER SECOND HUSBAND DIED, MY GRANDMOTHER GAVE UP DRIVING, SO THIS IS THE MALL SHE SOMETIMES WALKS TO! 'S FUNNY, IT USED TO BE THAT YOUD RARELY SEE ANY BLACK CATS AT THIS MALL...

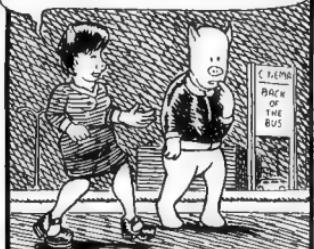


NOW IT'S GRANDMA WHO STANDS OUT!

MY, MY! YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYES WITH GOLD IN 'EM!



...WALKING AND SHARING RIDES INSTEAD OF OWNING A CAR; NOT HIDING OUT EXCLUSIVELY WITH HER OWN RACE. IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOUR GRANNY'S COOL!



I MUST SAY YOU HAVE A POINT THERE.



FOR TOO LONG AMERICANS HAVE BEEN RUNNING AWAY, WASTEFULLY ABANDONING GOOD SPACE IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT NEIGHBOURHOOD! I TOO USED TO THINK THAT TAKING OFF TO MONTANA OR WYOMING WAS THE ANSWER.



WE LIVE IN A CROWDED HOUSE - THE PRESSURE'S UNDENIABLE! I WAS BORN IN 1963, AND I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF COLOSSAL OLD OR NOTHING, BUT ALREADY IN MY LIFETIME, THE EARTH'S POPULATION HAS LIKE, DOUBLED!

WE ALL GOTTA LIVE TOGETHER!



SO MAYBE WHEN WE GET IN THERE YOU'LL TAKE BACK WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT HER MOVING?



ARE YOU NUTS? THIS IS MY OWN DEAR GRANDMOTHER WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!



LIKE MY SISTER SAYS, "SHE'S LIVING IN DETROIT - WE GOTTA GET HER OUTTA THERE!"



LOOK SHE'S HAPPY HERE - THIS IS HER HOME!

IT'S NEVER GONNA WORK! I'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS WITH MY OWN EYES!



SELF-SEGREGATION'S A SURETY EVEN WHEN THE INDIVIDUAL IS FORCED TO MERGE INTO ONE LARGE BODY! WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY ARISES YOU'LL USUALLY FIND PIGS HANGING OUT WITH PIGS; BROTHERS WITH BROTHERS...



WE HAVE A HARD TIME FIGURING WHY THEY TALK LIKE THAT OR DRESS LIKE THAT, WALK THAT WAY, DRINK OR EAT THOSE KINDS OF FOODS. WE DON'T SEE THE WORLD THE SAME WAY AS THEM.



THERE ARE FOLKS WHO CAN TRANSCEND BARRIERS OF RACE OR CLASS, BUT THEY ARE MOSTLY LONERS!

DON'T WAIT FOR ME



...PEOPLE SO WRAPPED UP IN THEIR OWN THING THAT THEY JUST DON'T CARE!



DO EITHER OF YOU WANT A DRINK? I HAVE A STRICT ROUTINE I FOLLOW, AND EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME IS COCKTAIL HOUR!



HOMVNCVLVS: THE EVNIVCH'S TALE

CONT'D. BY
MACK WHITE

THE STORM CLOUDS WERE ENTIRELY GONE NOW, AND THE STARS SHONE BRIGHT ABOVE. IT WAS A LOVELY NIGHT—SO LOVELY I FORGOT MY WOES AS THE EUNUCH CONTINUED HIS TALE . . .

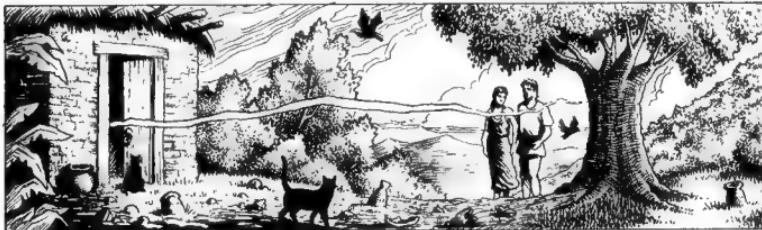
...AEMELIA SAID SHE COULD HELP ME, BUT I COULD NOT SEE HOW SHE COULD POSSIBLY INSURE MY POTENCY WHEN AT LAST THE DREAD JUNIA PISO SUMMONED ME TO BED. BUT AEMELIA SAID . . .



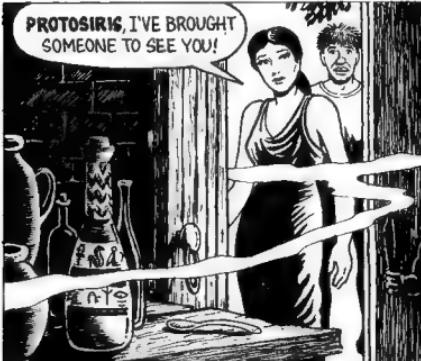
THERE'S AN OLD MAGUS WHO LIVES ON YONDER HILL. HE LEARNED HIS ART IN EGYPT, WHICH IS THE HOME OF ALL MAGIC. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.



“I FOLLOWED AEMELIA UP THE HILL TO THE PLACE WHERE THE MAGUS LIVED. THE STRANGE ODOR OF SOME MAGICAL ELIXIR WAFTED OUT OF HIS SHACK, AND I HEARD MUFFLED CHANTING INSIDE . . .



PROTOSIRIS, I'VE BROUGHT SOMEONE TO SEE YOU!



ANOTHER OF JUNIA PISO'S POOR EUNUCHS, IS IT? SIGH: THAT HEARTLESS WOMAN!



...POOR FELLOW! FIRST YOU LOSE YOUR FREEDOM, THEN YOU LOSE YOUR BALLS! AND NOW YOUR CRUEL OWNER EXPECTS YOU TO PLEASURE HER AS IF YOU WERE SOME SATYR! WHAT WILL YOU DO? WHAT?!

I DON'T KNOW. BUT AEMILIA SAID YOU COULD—

THE ANSWER, MY BOY, IS HERE. INSIDE THIS VIAL IS ACTUAL SEA WATER FROM CYPRUS—FOAM FROM THE VERY LOINS OF APHRODITE!



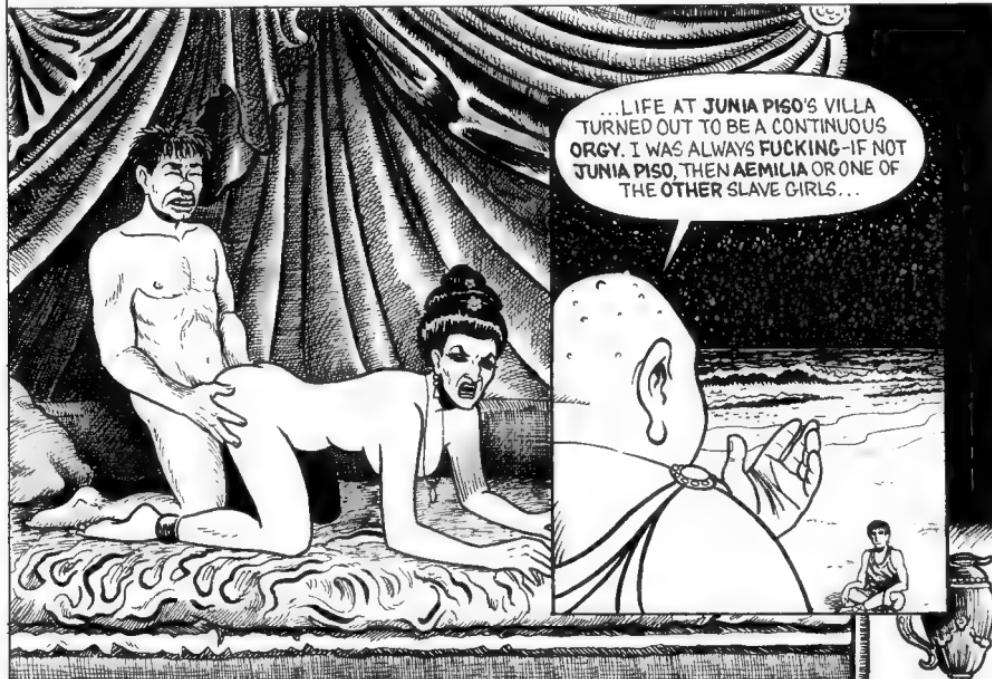
"THE MAGUS LET ME HAVE THIS AMAZING LOTION IN EXCHANGE FOR MY SANDALS. IT WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY, TO SAVE MY PHALLUS—A BARGAIN, FOR WHICH I THANKED THE MAGUS PROFUSELY. BEING A COBBLER, I COULD EASILY CRAFT MORE FOOTWEAR FOR MYSELF OUT OF LEATHER SCRAPS, BUT I COULD NEVER CRAFT ANOTHER PHALLUS. NEW SANDALS WERE NOT SOMETHING I COULD MAKE IMMEDIATELY, HOWEVER, SO THE WALK BACK DOWN THE HILL WAS HARD ON MY FEET. WE STOPPED BY A STREAM SO I COULD SOOTHE THEM IN THE COOL WATER. WHILE WE WERE THERE, AEMILIA EXTOLLED THE VIRTUES OF THE LOTION, WHICH WAS THE ACTUAL VAGINAL LUBRICANT OF THE LOVE GODDESS HERSELF. SHE ASKED ME TO HAND HER THE BOTTLE..."



"WELL, THE MIRACULOUS OINTMENT IMMEDIATELY TOOK EFFECT! MY POOR PHALLUS, FOR SO LONG LIMP WITH BEREAVEMENT FOR THE LOSS OF MY BALLS, NOW SPRANG TO LIFE—LIKE THE GALILEAN THEY SAY ROSE FROM THE DEAD, ON FIRE WITH LUST. I FELL UPON THE FAIR AEMILIA..."



"THUS WAS THE LAST VESTIGE OF MY MANHOOD—MY LOVE TOOL—SAVED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE LOVE GODDESS HERSELF. I WAS NOW ABLE TO PLEASE THE DREADFUL JUNIA PISO WITHOUT FEAR OF FAILURE, AND IN TIME EVEN BECAME HER FAVORITE EUNUCH..."





SUDDENLY...

WHA?—

—GASP!

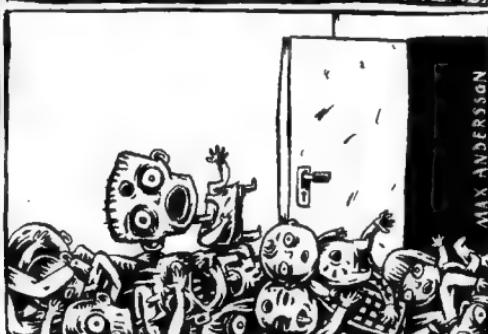
HA-HA-HA!
NO ONE'S FREE HERE
BUT ME!

IT WAS CORYMBUS THE PIRATE. HE HAD NOT DROWNED, AFTER ALL, BUT HAD MADE IT SAFELY TO THE SAME SHORE AS WE HAD. SO DISTRACTED HAD I BEEN BY THE EUNUCH'S CAPERING ABOUT THAT I HAD FAILED TO SENSE THE PIRATE'S APPROACH UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE...

M-MASTER, I'VE BEEN
SO WORRIED! I THOUGHT
YOU'D DROWNED!

NO, I'M STILL ALIVE! AND THOUGH
MY SHIP IS LOST, I'LL STILL MAKE
A FORTUNE WITH THIS!...

NOISE BUSTERS 2





the Chuckling Whatsit

© 1996 Richard Sala ©

Previously ~

Broom continues digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, unaware that Professor Peeke ~ who hired him ~ is now dead.

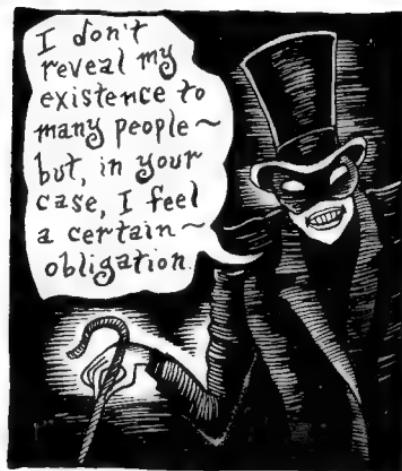
In Crow's Creek, Broom learns more about Celeste from Dr. Vogardus. Subsequently, he has an unsettling experience in Jarnac's windmill, during which he finds ~ then loses ~

the peculiar hanging doll.

Afterwards, he runs into Abigail Aberdevine ~ but is unprepared for the greeting he gets from her.







Hmm~ strangled. Your friend the Ghoul did it~ though, obviously, not with his signature knife. He doesn't want the police to know he's plying his trade in Crow's Creek~ that's too close to home.



No~ he wants you to get the blame. Then, no doubt, you'll "disappear" before you can tell your side of the story. Not very nice for you, eh, Broom? Ha ha! But, fear not~ one of my operatives, Miz Moray, will be here shortly. She'll dispose of the body.



You'll like Miz, Mr. Broom~ an extremely resourceful girl. She's been keeping an eye on you for me.



Ha ha!~ I can see you're perplexed. ~That's too bad.









to be continued~

DUR NEXT ITEM IS A 20-INCH
ZANTAR™ CABLE-READY TELEVISION,
WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO A
CONVICTED FELON. DO I HEAR ONE
HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT?

125?
150.. GOING
ONCE...

160!

SOLD!

HERE WE HAVE A HEALTHY, FIRM
ASS FORMERLY OWNED BY A 27-
YEAR OLD WHITE MALE. BIDDING
BEGINS AT 500...

SEIZED ASSETS

©henderson 96

HEY, DOWN IN
FRONT! WE
CAN'T SEE!
SIDDOWN!

MY FRIEND, IF I COULD,
I WOULD-BUT THE
BANK FELT THAT
RATHER THAN
GIVE ME A
DEFERMENT
ON MY ASS
PAYMENTS, THEY
CONFISCATE MY
ASS FROM ME!

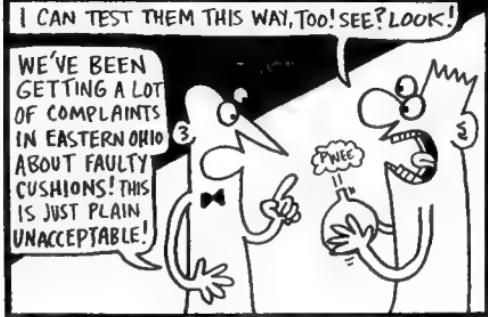
YES, THAT'S RIGHT! I NO LONGER
HAVE AN ASS! AREN'T YOU SORRY
YOU ASKED! DO YOU FEEL
HAPPY NOW?!?

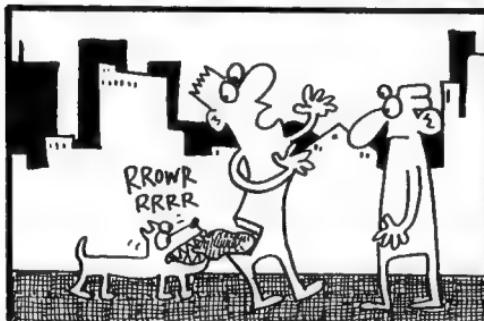
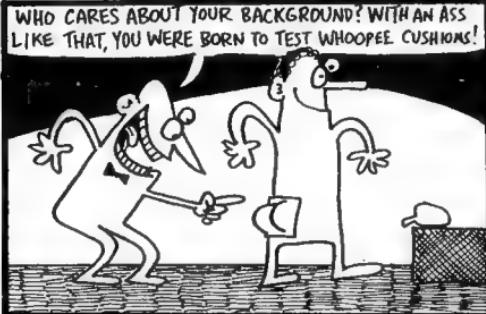
GASP!

SHUT UP! I PAID MY EIGHT
BUCKS TO SEE PAULY SHORE!
NOT HEAR SOME SCHMUCK
CARRY ON ABOUT HIS
ASSLESSNESS!

YEAH!

ONE





MR. WORLEY, TO WHAT DO YOU OWE YOUR LIFELONG SUCCESS?

FOUR SIMPLE LETTERS!
T-E-A-M!

FOR EXAMPLE, HERE'S ONE OF OUR BEST EMPLOYEES...

HE PERSONALLY SITS ON EVERY WHOOPIE CUSHION TO INSURE IT'S WORTHY OF THE WORLEY NAME!

POOOOO!

UH, WILL YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT?

YOU IDIOT! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!?

B-BUT, IT'S MY ASS! I OWN THE DEED!

THAT'S NOT THE POINT! NOBODY WORKS FOR MY COMPANY WITHOUT THEIR NATURAL ASS!

HOW DARE YOU BETRAY ME!!

GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!
GET OUT OF MY LIFE!!

WHO NEEDS A DUMB OL'ASS ANYWAY? THEY'RE WAY
OVERRATED IF YOU ASK ME! WHO DECIDED YOU NEED
ONE TO SURVIVE? IT'S DISCRIMINATION I TELL YOU!

HEY, WHAT'S
THIS?



IT'S MY ASS! MY OWN!
DON'T WORRY, POPPA'S
BACK!

I'M SO SORRY
FOR EVERYTHING!

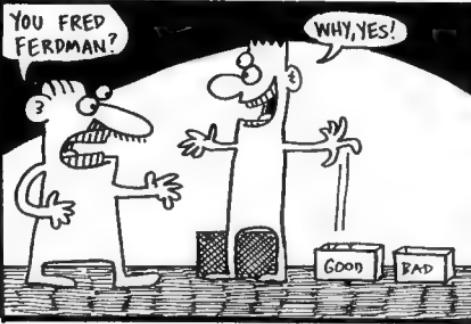
I'LL KEEP UP ON MY
PAYMENTS! I PROMISE!



MY BOY, YOU'VE TOTALLY
REDEEMED YOURSELF!
FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL
BE HEAD TESTER!

THANK YOU,
SIR! THANK YOU!

EVERYTHING TURNED OUT OKAY IN THE END!



CRUMBLE chapter THREE

©DAVE COOPER '96





But that's all old news -- I'm onto something **better** now. & I've found new backers.



Better than making chicks hot for you whenever you **want?** AS **IF.**



I'm developing a way of putting a man's brain inside the body of a woman.



Think about it -- One could do whatever one **pleased** with it; get it all greased up & slippery, squeeze & twist its hot, pliant flessshh...



& when it's broken, one simply gets a replacement.

Broken? This whole conversation is turning kind of ugly.



Oh, I exaggerate-- I'm sure very few would be **damaged**. The female bodies would be preserved with nearly as advanced a process as the men.

Eventually they'd get their brain back, the men their bodies -- everybody's **happy!**

The women would be paid, & the vast majority of the brains would remain relatively unharmed.

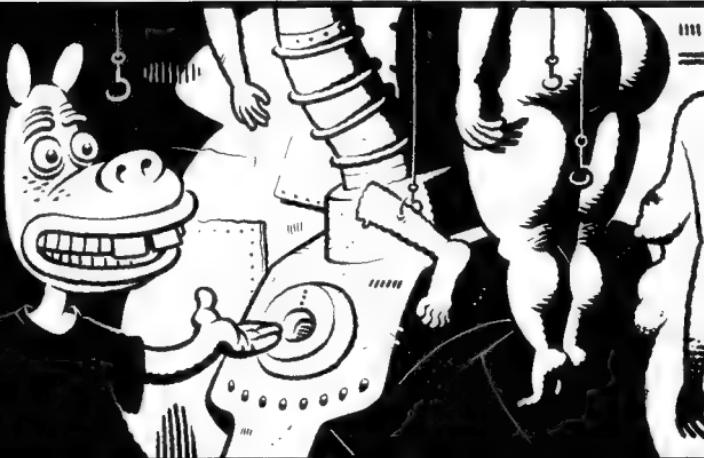
Besides, if they were to lose a bit of their **reasoning** capabilities, who would notice the

DIFFERENCE!!



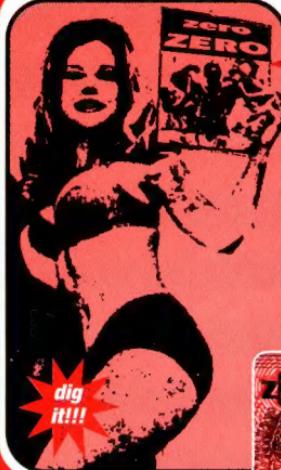
Sounds good to **me**, doc!

How do we sign up?





TO BE CONTINUED.



Ordering info

All the items listed on this page can be ordered from:

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS,
7563 Lake City Way NE,
Seattle, WA 98115.**

(All back issues of ZERO ZERO are \$3.95 except for #8, which is \$5.95) Just add \$3.00 shipping to any size order (except for a subscription, which is \$18.95, \$20.95 outside the U.S. for five issues). Mail your order to the above address — or, if you have a Visa or MasterCard, call it in at 800-657-1100.

Even if you don't have any money, write us and we'll send you a nice big full-color catalogue of all the things you can't afford to buy!

Next Issue



HEY! HOW ABOUT A LETTER?

You guys! Marc and I are here slavin' over hot computer keyboards, our artists are sweatin' their asses off over drawing boards in half a dozen countries around the world just to entertain you, and do you ever write? *No!* After 13 issues of **ZERO ZERO** we've gotten, like, *three* letters. We realize that by not running a letters column (hey, some one's gotta set the standard now that the *New Yorker* caved), we're not exactly encouraging correspondence,

but we thought people wrote because they craved to reach out and touch someone, or at least to vent their spleen, or for the passing thrill of seeing their own names in print! (Okay, so that's why *I* used to write letters to *Captain America*, but I was 14 at the time!) Since we estimate **ZERO ZERO** has at least one hundred thirty-two regular readers, there's a lot of you folks out there who just must be *brimming* with sage opinions on **ZERO ZERO**, its contents, and the rest of the world at large. **WRITE US!** Tell

us what you love, like, don't like, and hate! Suggest other cartoonists you would like to see contributing to *The Glory That Is ZERO ZERO*. See if you can catch **Richard Sala** in a writing mistake! (*We sure can!*) Complain because your copy had only one staple! We don't care! We just want to hear from you! Send all letters to **ZERO ZERO LETTERS**, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY, SEATTLE, WA 98115, FAX us at 206-524-2104, or e-mail us at zerozero@wrcwcom.com. We'll be glad you tell.

— Kim T.

NEW!

**AUTOMATIC
DUAL DRAG
SPINCAST
REEL**



ZEROZERO1

(March/April 1989)

The 60-page premiere issue starts off with a delicious GARY PANTER cover.

TED STEARN premières "Fuzz and Pluck," PAT MORRITY and CHARLES BUKOWSKI team up, FRAN STACK brings back Jesus for a new adventure, DUSTIN HOFFMAN and ROBERT DE NIRO "Wear the Big Head," HELENETTE VALJUM dissects "The Great Disease," plus MAX ANDERSSON, DAVID COLIER, GLENN HEAD, J.R. WILLIAMS, and a jam by KIM DETCH and MICHAEL DOUGAN!

ZEROZERO3

(July 1989)

Our first issue is off on zero! Why? It's an explosion of VALJUM! SKIP WILLIAMS and RICK ALBERTSON make their ZZ debuts, FRANK STACK's "Jesus" bows out, and MAX ANDERSSON's pantomime strip "Loftin'" silently stalks the pages! Also in this issue, MARK NEWGARDEN, plus more COLIER, chapter two of "Whatist," another "Fuzz and Pluck," and a David Sandlin "Sign of the Apocalypse"!

ZEROZERO5

(Sept./Oct. 1989)

JOE CLEMENT cover! CHRIS WARE frontpiece! JUSTIN GREEN back cover! And we haven't even gotten to the insides yet! For the record, these include several of KIM DETCH's literary "Quickie Classics," MAX ANDERSSON's "Curse of the Cuban Cigar," plus the conclusion to "Melt Box" and more "Whatist," COLIER, and "Homunculus."

ZEROZERO7

(Jan./Feb. 1990)

Special cartoon by MAX ANDERSSON, frontpiece! BILL GRIFFITH, "Mizulis" middle chapter by DETCH, plus GILBERT HERNANDEZ, ARCHER PREWITT, and an "Apocalypse" back cover by DAVE COLLIER.

ZEROZERO8

(March/April 1990)

By gosh! An anniversary issue, kicked off with a CHARLES BURNS cover plus a staggeringly twisted two-color "So-Boy" story by ARCHER PREWITT, more "Whatist," and "Melt Box" by AL COLUMBIA, DAVID COLIER, "Homunculus," TED STEARN, MIKE DIANA, MAX ANDERSSON, and VALJUM on the centerspread!

ZEROZERO8

(June/Sept. 1990)

KIM DETCH and FORTON HENSZMANN premiere "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Day" (detach cover, too!) Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," "Whatist," DAVID COLIER, SKIP WILLIAMS, a wild dream from PENNY MORRIS VAN HORNE, METZGER & BOB FINGERMAN, GLENN HEAD, and a bizarre full-color back cover by RICK ALBERTSON.

ZEROZERO9

(May/June 1990)

SKIP WILLIAMS takes a trip down druggy lane! Virgin ZZ forays from SAM HENDERSON, STEPHANIE BLAQUIET, and SUSAN CATHERINE n' OSCAR ZARATE, plus "Whatist," COLIER, and a bizarre full-color VALJUM back cover.

11 ZEROZERO11

(August 1990)

DAVE COOPER's epic "Crumple" begins with a big ol' 17-page chapter! Plus STEARN, SALA, KAZ, Mazzucchiello, ANDERSON, COLIER, and a back cover by ROY TOMPINKS!

12 ZEROZERO12

(Sept./Oct. 1990)

MAX ANDERSSON returns with "Death," his biggest story since Pyle! P. REEVES and JOAKIM PIRNEN make their ZZ debuts! All this plus COLIER, COOPER, DOUGAN, and SALA, and a back cover by none-other-than DAN CLOWES!

IT'S A SIGN OF THE UPCOMING
APOCALYPSE!!

TOY ROBOT INVASION!!

By
JIM BLANCHARD &
MARKY RAMONE



THEY CAME TO
ANNIHILATE!

A Pyramid Scan



CAC • Quality • CBZ